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The following 'Play' serves to illustrate
how ~~P.U.S.~~ scholars think in verse, rather
about current events, natural occurrences
or personages, etc. They have met with it
their reading.

~~A "P.U.S." MEDLEY.*~~

PATRIOTIC PLAYS AND BALLADS.

written during the war.
A PATRIOTIC PLAY.

SCENE I.

Luxuriously furnished study. The Englishman, reclining in an armchair reading the paper.

Englishman: "Oh, bother the war! It's nothing but pay, pay, pay! and no goods for your money! Now the taxes are going up again—disgraceful!" (Lights a cigar). "Even the price of cigars is doubled, and then they tell you to economize. A nice position I'm in—one of the footmen gone off to enlist, my wife and the girls out all day at meetings, or work parties, or something of the sort, and even the Club's closed now! All owing to the war—it ought not to be allowed—the world doesn't want wars nowadays!"

(Enter Butler with a note) reads "Could you spare me a contribution towards the fund for supplying comforts. . . ."
—"Comforts indeed! Let the Government supply comforts if they want them. It's downright cheek, bothering people like this—I shall pay no attention." (To Butler) "No answer."

Butler: "Very good, sir. I should like to ask you, sir, if you would allow me to join the local V.D.C.—duty one night a week."

Eng.: "V.D.C.! All stuff and nonsense! What are they supposed to do?"

Butler: "Well, sir, they guard the bridges and—"

Eng.: "Bridges indeed! Why can't the regular army guard the bridges?" No, no, Jenkins, its all rot—wait till you're made to go." (Exit Butler).

*From the Easter examination, 1916, of the Parents' Union School.

(Englishman, still grumbling in an undertone, lies back in his chair and presently falls asleep.) Curtain.

SCENE II.

(Englishman asleep in armchair at right of stage. Nearly in the middle is a throne. Britannia seated. Honour, a mysterious figure stands in the background. "Rule Britannia" played softly).

Brit.: "So the blow has fallen at last. We are at war, and must fight to the end for our Freedom. The task is hard indeed, and the burden heavy, but I am not alone; there are those who will stand by me and help me to bear it. Where are my Colonies? (She calls). "Come hither, my children."

Voices: "Mother! We come."

(Enter Colonies, one by one.) Silently, each kneels at Britannia's feet, offers her gift, rises, and takes her place behind the throne.)

Canada: "Mother, we are yours, accept our gifts, our loyalty, and our humble services." (During their entrance a verse or two of Kipling's "Recessional" is sung). (The gifts might be: Canada, a sheaf of corn; Australia, a battleship; New Zealand, a sword; India, a casket.)

(Enter the Allies, to the tune of the National Anthem of Russia. They range themselves with the Colonies behind the throne). As they enter, Britannia says: "Welcome! my brave Allies! Together let us bear the brunt of the fight, together crush the foe, and restore Peace to earth."

(Enter group representing the Army (a general, an officer, some privates, and an airman), the Navy (an admiral, a commander, some bluejackets, and a naval airman). Some Red Cross Sisters, doctors and chaplains). During their entrance some march is played.

Brit.: "Hail to you all, most faithful servants! Go forth and prosper in the execution of your several duties." (To the Army, who advance and salute): "Go, and be victorious on land. Crush the tyrant by honourable means. Be courageous and merciful, and return, crowned with glory, bringing Peace and Honour in your train." (They salute and exeunt).

(To the Navy, who advance and salute): "Go and guard your native land from harm. Be watchful and patient, prudent and fearless, and win new laurels in the scenes of your ancient glory." (They salute and exeunt).

Then did Heinrich revel in home brewed ale, of the strongest and best, and eat full heartily of the richest fare, for Ursula was a skilful cook.

And after the meal he failed not to express his opinion of Cuthbert's luck in obtaining so excellent a wife. "A wonderful woman," he said, "Such a meal and cooked with her own hand. My lad, you would be a thankless fellow indeed, did you not appreciate such a blessing."

"I agree with you," answered Cuthbert seriously.

After dinner there was a pretty frolic with the children, whilst their parents looked on and smiled. Wondrous things appeared from Heinrich's pockets, a doll for Gretchen, a tiny dagger for the oldest boy and new toys from the great town for the others.

When the rejoicings at these gifts had somewhat died down, the children entreated to be allowed to play with a medal, which hung upon the messenger's velvet suit.

"It was given me by His Majesty, 'tis my greatest treasure," declared Heinrich. The children took up the idea with zest, and spent some time in guessing the treasures of their acquaintances. "King Conrad's are his money-bags, I'm sure," said Otto.

"You are right there," said Heinrich, "The King has no pleasure in life beyond his gold, nay not even in eating."

Here little Gretchen, who had been jumping up and down on Heinrich's knee, obtained a hearing. "Mine's," she cried, "Is se doll sat Ukker Heinwich dave me." "Mother's is baby," said Heinrich, the younger, "but I can't think what father's is."

On this subject there were various suggestions. Heinrich thought that his dominions enjoyed the highest place among Cuthbert's treasures, whilst Otto wavered between his horses and his hounds. Little Gretchen was engaged in other speculations.

"What is yours, dear?" asked Ursula of Cuthbert, in a low voice.

"I will show it you," Cuthbert said, and he led the way up-stairs into his room.

He took a small, richly carved casket from a drawer, and, opening it, he reverently lifted out a beautiful spray of maiden-hair fern.

"This, love," he said, "is my greatest treasure, for it is the emblem of my wife's unselfishness."

~~VERSES ON CURRENT EVENTS.*~~

From a Van Dyke in Mrs.
 SECTION III.
 THE LOSS OF THE EMPRESS OF IRELAND.

MAY, 1914.

Down went those gallant souls,
 Into an ocean grave,
 No sign told them of death,
 Nor ever warning gave.

'Twas useless to resist,
 The cruel sea had them fast,
 The doomed ship went down,
 The end had come at last.

Down through the deep dark sea,
 The ship sank like a log—
 No cry came from the deck,
 All wrapt around with fog.

The people all asleep,
 They knew not of their fate.
 The "Storstad" lowered boats,
 Alas! they were too late.

The Empire mourns for them,
 The brave that then went down,
 Though by their glorious death
 They've given her renown!

Y.B. (17), Form VI.

SONNET.

"THE COLONIES TO THE MOTHERLAND."

AUGUST 1ST, 1914.

"England arise! be worthy of thy name,"
 Cry sons and daughters to the Motherland,
 "And to a dirty deed put not thy hand,"

Remember now thine ancient world wide fame!

*We publish several sets of Y.B.'s. verses, not necessarily for their merit, but because the idea of writing verses about current events in the war is so good; many books will, no doubt, tell us all about the events, but a record of how people felt on hearing of each occurrence should be a family possession. We recommend the practice of such verse making.—ED.

From A. Parson's Verse